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**FARROW**

By GLENN PLASKIN

# Mia's House

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“I can't imagine  
not having nine children.”

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## THE GLENN PLASKIN INTERVIEW

**O**N A TYPICAL NEW YORK weekend, pizza-delivery men scurry up to Mia Farrow's Central Park West apartment with great speed, for her hungry brood of nine children, Farrow explains, are each given an allowance of three playmates.

“That,” she explains, “means 27 kids, 54 slices of pizza, plus ice cream.”

This does not even factor in the Wheaton terrier mutt Mary, the Yorkshire puppy, the parakeet, the canary, the guinea pig, the rabbit, the three hamsters, the two cats, the four frogs, the tropical fish, and the box turtle. Or, for that matter, Woody Allen, quietly practicing the clarinet, or attempting to.

“When it all becomes too much for him,” Farrow laughs, “he goes home.”

That's the sprawling penthouse he keeps on Fifth Avenue. That's *his* place. *This* spacious, three-bedroom,

well-worn apartment, with burnt orange walls and oriental carpets and upholstered country checks of rust and maroon, and woven baskets and needlepoint pillows and huge stuffed animals and a piano heaped with sheet music — this is *her* place. This entirely satisfactory arrangement is the secret of this couple's very happy 10 years together. “Living together would be too disruptive,” Farrow says. “I like the idea of seeing one another in our prime time. When we *want* to.

“Particularly as I get older” — Mia Farrow is 43 — “I appreciate that freedom. If I want to hang a picture, I hang it. It's *my* house. It sounds petty, but it's great. All my life, it seems I lived with a man and it was always *his* house.”

She reflects upon the two marriages, the hotly impulsive one to Frank Sinatra, the heartier one to Andre Previn. Another state of

